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WALTER H BAKER & CO

The Telephone.

A SCREAMING FARCE

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

C. L. F.,

Author of "Take Your Medicine," "The Jolly Jocky Club," "The Royal Hall Nines," "Mr. and Mrs. Hemlock," "Doctor's Daughter," "The Hidden Ring."

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—— TO WHICH IS ADDED ——

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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A SCREAMING PARCEL

"THE TELEPHONE."

Scene.—A square room, office-like, with scenery of telephone [illegible] painted on it. A square screen in centre of stage with telephone [illegible] attached to the left side. Table to the left of the stage, with two chairs, in the right of the stage a number of chairs.

Properties.—Wigs for each character. Dust brush. A [illegible] pens and paper for table. Books and papers for callers.

Costumes.

SAMBO AND LAMBO.—Suits to suit funny negro characters.

MR. SHELBY.—Regular office dress; linen coat, [illegible] beard and wig.

LOUIS BARRETT.—High hat, long coat, bald head, wig [illegible] pants, red vest, walking cane.

RALPH SCULLER.—Regular base ball suit.

HARRY WILSON.—Regular foot ball suit.

STANLEY FABER.—High hat, short coat, white vest, [illegible] collar and red tie, large watch chain, light auburn wig, [illegible]

CHAPPY DUNLY.—Dress and hair of regular [illegible] walking cane. (All as the manager wishes.)

JOSEPH JONES.—Regular chef dress, middle age and [illegible]

BARNEY O'MALLEY.—Regular policeman's suit, red beard and wig.

Characters.

MR. FRED SHELBY.....Head clerk in the Fake Telephone Office

LAMBO }
SAMBO } ..... Colored boys in the Telephone [illegible]

LOUIS BARRETT..... A stage-struck Freak

RALPH SCULLER..... Crack on Base Ball

HARRY WILSON..... Gone on Foot Ball

STANLEY FABER..... A wonderful [illegible]

CHAPPY DUNLY..... An [illegible]

JOSEPH JONES..... A [illegible]

BARNEY O'MALLEY..... A conscientious policeman

Positions on stage when certain [illegible]

Barrett, Jones, Sculler, Lambo, O'Malley, Shelby, Sambo, [illegible]

Time played to suit the manager.
Can introduce females if desired.

A SCREAMING FARCE,

"THE TELEPHONE."

(Sambo and Lambo behind the scene, making a great noise chasing each other about the stage, using a dust brush.)

Lambo chases Sambo around the telephone screen.)

(Sambo gets into the box screen and looks over at Lambo.)

Sambo. I see you Lambo.

Lambo. I see you Sambo (both laugh loudly.)

Lambo. Say, Sambo, does your mother know you're out?

Sambo. No; does yours (both laugh loudly.)

Lambo. Come off the perch, Sambo.

(Sambo brushes the face of Lambo with the brush he has. Sambo laughs loudly.)

Lambo. Come let's have a song. (Both go to centre and sing.) After song Lambo and Sambo keep time in a cake walk song. (Enter Mr. Shelby.)

Mr. Shelby. (In anger.) Here! What do you two fellows mean (starting for them), get to your work, quick. (Both run to work.)

Mr. Shelby. (Sits at desk to write.) Did anyone call for me to-day, Sambo?

Sambo. No, Master.

Mr. Shelby. All right—come here, both of you. (Both come in front.)

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Stop your nonsense—stand on each side of this table. (Both.)

Mr. Shelby. We are to begin operations in this new office this evening; do you understand?

Boys. (Together.) Yes, Master.

Mr. Shelby. You are to answer all the telephone calls and receive all the messages. You understand me?

Boys. (Together.) Shure, Master.

Mr. Shelby. Well, now for business. (Stands up.) You see this thing here? (Goes toward screen.)

Boys. (Together, in surprise.) Yes, Master.

Mr. Shelby. Well, Sambo, you are to get into this box, and answer all the telephone calls; and you, Lambo, will answer the door bell and show the people to the 'phone; see?

Boys. (Together.) Yes, Master.

Mr. Shelby. Now we have a little time to go through the business before the people come. Just wait a moment.

(Boys pet each other.)

Mr. Shelby. Well! Well! I shall have a fine time this even-

ing with this fake telephone and with my old friends; of course they will not know me in this disguise. (Laughs.) Stop that fooling; come let me show you what to do.

Boys. (Together.) All right, Master.

Mr. Shelby. You stay in the box, Sambo. (both rush toward the box).

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Here! not you, Lambo; get out here—you are to mind the bell.

Lambo. Shure, Master. (Lambo laughs.)

Mr. Shelby. Now, when I speak through the 'phone you answer me.

Sambo. Shure, Master.

(Mr. Shelby rings the 'phone.)

Sambo. (Stands up over the screen, shouts.) Hello! What does you want, Master?

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Get down and answer the 'phone!

Sambo. (Laughs.) Shure I will.

Mr. Shelby. Get down, I say.

(Sambo goes back again.)

Mr. Shelby. (Rings up.) Hello!

Sambo. Hello!

Mr. Shelby. Give me 6-4-20—The American Stage Company.

Sambo. All right.

Mr. Shelby. I wish to hear Ralph Booth in his play.

Sambo. (Declaims behind the screen.) I am the ghost of my father, come to deal out vengeance on his murder—now! is my time to take blood for blood in atonement for your crime. Die, I say, die! thou art a villain!

Mr. Shelby. O, my! but he is great. If I could but speak like him.

Sambo. (Coming out) Is it all right, Master.

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Yes, fine! Get into the box again.

Sambo. All right, Master. (Enters box.)

Mr. Shelby. Try it again, Sambo.

Sambo. Shure, Master. (Goes into box again.)

Mr. Shelby. (To the 'phone.) Hello! (No answer.)

Sambo. (Comes out of the box.) Shall I speak again, Master?

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Shure you will. Get in the box, I say, into the box!

Mr. Shelby. (Rings 'phone.) Hello!

Sambo. Hello!

Mr. Shelby. Give me 4-11-44.

Sambo. All right, 4-11-44.

Mr. Shelby. Is this the New York Base Ball Club?

Sambo. Shure!

Mr. Shelby. Who is ahead this afternoon?

Sambo. Sharkey (over the box).

Mr. Shelby. Sharkey! What do you mean?

Sambo. Mean! Why, don't you know Sharkey knocked the ball out in the last round.

Mr Shelby. (Excited.) Get down off that box. Now, come out here. See you answer the 'phone just as I tell you.

Sambo and Lambo. (Together.) Shure we will, Master.

Mr. Shelby. Now get to work and clean up the place (going to desk.) My! but I will have some fun to-night with this fake telephone—but never mind, no one will know me in this disguise. I say, Sambo and Lambo, and the rest, let's have a song. (Four come to sing. Here some lively songs and dances. The door bell rings.)

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Get into the box, quick. Answer the bell, Lambo!

(All excitement. Bell rings again.)

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Answer the bell, I say!

Lambo. All right, Master. (Laughing. Answers the bell.) Lambo. Come in. (Enters Louis Barrett.)

Louis Barrett. The telephone, sir, the telephone, I say.

Lambo. Here you are, Master.

Louis Barrett. (Goes to 'phone.) Hello!

Sambo. Hello!

Louis Barrett. 62-20-40-M.

Sambo. 62-20-40-M.

Louis Barrett. Hello! Give me the Grand Opera House.

Sambo. All right—Grand Opera House.

Louis Barrett. Is Jowan Pleba playing now?

Sambo. Yes.

L. Barrett. Kindly let me hear him.

Sambo. All right—listen.

Is there a man so dead,
Who to his wife had said,
Let me drink myself to death,
Now—or—never!

L. Barrett. Oh, my! but he is grand, would that I could be like him.

Lambo. Take a seat, sir! Here, read this book, please. (Sits down.)

(Door bell rings. Enter Ralph Sculler.)

R. Sculler. Hello, Stony Lonesome.

(Looks during him. Sculler excited.)

R. Sculler. Where do you keep the 'phone?

Mr. Shelby. Over there.

Lambo. Over here, Master.

R. Sculler. Get out you lump of nothingness.

R. Sculler. Hello!

Sambo. Hello!

R. Sculler. Give me the Base Ball Club on the New York grounds.

Sambo. What's the number?

R. Sculler. What's the number! How do I know.

Sambo. Can't have it—chase yourself.

R. Sculler. (Excited.) Chase myself. Central, what kind of a 'phone is this. They say chase myself.

Mr. Shelby. Call again, sir, No. 16-20.

Sambo. Call again, boss.

R. Sculler. (Tries again.) Hello! 16-20.

Sambo. 16-20.

R. Sculler. Is this the centre—base ball field—New York.

Sambo. Yes.

R. Sculler. Are the New York all in?

Sambo. No—they're in the soup.

(Gets excited.)

Lambo. Keep quiet, you lune—sit down—here's a call.

(Bell rings.)

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Get to the door. (Lambo runs to door.) Come in. (Enter Harry Wilson.)

Harry Wilson. Good evening, boss.

Mr. Shelby. Good evening, sir.

H. Wilson. May I speak through the 'phone?

Lambo. No. You may speak o'er it, you lobster.

Mr. Shelby. Keep quiet, you scoundrel. Sir, the fellow is a little boy, he's off in the upper story.

H. Wilson. I should say he is a little wryly.

H. Wilson. Hello! No. 14-20-60.

Sambo. 14-20-60.

H. Wilson. Is this the foot ball club of Dayton, Ohio?

Sambo. Yes, they are full of date.

H. Wilson. (Excited.) Thunder! What kind of talk do you call that through the 'phone?

Lambo. Fish talk. Mackerel.

H. Wilson. Get out of here or I'll pull you all over.

Lambo. (Excited.) Great scott! (Jumps away.)

Mr. Shelby. Take a seat, sir. (Seats.) I am sorry the first boy is so rude.

H. Wilson. O, that's all right, see!

(Bell rings.)

Mr. Shelby. Get to the door you.

Lambo. Shure, Mast'r. Come in. (Enter Stanley Faber.)

Stanley Faber. Good evening all. (Shakes hands with Shelby.) May I use your 'phone?

Mr. Shelby. With the greatest of pleasure, sir.

S. Faber. Oh, thank you, sir.

Mr. Shelby. Don't mention it.

S. Faber. (Goes to the 'phone.) No. 1-2-3-0.

Lambo. 1-2-3-0.

S. Faber. Hitch me on to the Academy of Music.

Lambo. (Comes out.) What will I hitch him on to, Master?

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Get into the box, you old fool.

S. Faber. (In surprise.) Sir! what is the matter with the 'phone?

Mr. Shelby. In a minute, sir. (Excited.) Get into the box, [illegible]

(Lambo goes into the box.)

Lambo. Hello! No. 1-2-3-0.

S. Faber. Sir, all right, hello!

Lambo. Hello!

S. Faber. Is this the Academy of Music?

Lambo. Oh, yes.

S. Faber. Well, let me hear the great Decis Hanley at the [illegible]mance.

Lambo. All right. Listen:

"My timbuck too
I see through you
In the old rue,
By the doeful mew."

S. Faber. Oh, how grand he sings, would that I could accompany him thus.

Lambo. Dry up, you shrimp. Here, sir, take a seat. (Sits down.)

(Bell rings.)

Lambo. Oh, jumping, another call?

Mr. Shelby. Go to the door, sir.

Lambo. Yes, Master. Come in. (Enter Chappy Dunly.)

Lambo. Well, would you get on to the chappy.

Mr. Shelby. (Excited. Shakes his fist at Lambo.)

Lambo. (Stands up, looks over the screen.)

Mr. Shelby. (Cries to both to keep quiet.)

Chappy Dunly. (Walking about.) Well, how—I'd-like-to-know—oh! my—mamble! (Bowing and putting glass to eye.) I should trouble—well-now (looking at Shelby, bowing,) and pray where is the telephone, sir.

Mr. Shelby. (Bowing.) Over there, sir. Lambo, show the gentleman the box.

Lambo. Yes, sir. Come this way, sir. (Goes to 'phone. [illegible])

Chappy Dunly. (Bowing 'phone.) Hello! Hello!

(Lambo [illegible])

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Get down, Lambo, I say, get down.

Chappy Dunly. I-say! I-say! sir—what is the matter with the 'phone?

Lambo. Look [illegible] (Laughing.)

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Sir,—nothing's the matter with the 'phone, you are [illegible] through the [illegible].

Chappy Dunly. (Surprised.) Oh! [illegible] Hello! No. 2-5-7.

Sambo. 2-5-7.

Chappy Dunly. Hello! Is this Pothy — Oh! Pothy! [illegible] lovely time last night at the opera.

Sambo. (Syringe.) Oh, you don't say so. (Sambo [illegible] through hole in screen.)

Chappy Dunly. (Screams.) Oh! mercy! [illegible] electrified!

Lambo. (Shouting.) Oh, he's shot with the sparks from the wire.

Mr. Shelby. I'm sorry sir—take a seat. Lambo, [illegible] this gentleman.

Lambo. (Laughing.) Shure, Master. (Bell rings.)

Lambo. (Drops dude and runs to the bell.) Come in! Come in! (Enters Joseph Jones. Chasing Lambo, all excitement. Shelby very much excited.)

Joseph Jones. I want the 'phone—where is it? I say where is it—give me the 'phone at once.

Mr. Shelby. Over there! (Grabbing him.) Over there! (Pushing him.)

Lambo. (Running about the stage laughing.)

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Keep quiet, Lambo.

Sambo. (Climbs to the top of screen.)

Mr. Shelby. (Still excited.) Answer the 'phone—[illegible] I say.

Joseph Jones. Hello! Hello! Hello!

Sambo. Hello!

J. Jones. No. 78.

Sambo. All right.

J. Jones. (Excited.) Send the fire brigade! [illegible] the house is on fire! Fire! Fire!

Sambo. (Excited. Jumps from screen.)

Mr. Shelby. (Excited.) Cries for order.

All together. Fake telephone.

Again. Imposter!

(Policeman enters. All points to Shelby and [illegible]) Arrest that man—imposter! (Shelby takes off his [illegible].)

All together. Shelby!

Mr. Shelby. Yes, dear friends, I know you all [illegible] pleasant evening with the "Fake Telephone." [illegible] life be, let us hope, as it has been [illegible] out harm or displeasure to any one. Come, [illegible]

(Song selected.)